

The Chronicle History

Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother France; faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine,
And as a branch, and member of this stocke,
We do salute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.

Fran. Brother of England,
Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
So are we Princes English euery one.

Duke. With pardon vnto your mightinesse,
Let it not displease you, if I demand
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If Duke of *Burgundy* you would haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our Articles.

Fran. We haue but with a curforary eye
Ore-view'd them; pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs;
We shall returne our peremptory answer.

Har. Go Lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answer backe.
yet leaue our cousen Katherine heere behind.

Fran. Withall our hearts.

Exit French King and the Lords.

*Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the
Gentlewoman.*

Har. Now Kate,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,
Or with vaulting with my armour on my backe
Into my saddle,
Without bragge-be it spoken,
I'de make compare with any.

But

of Henry the fift.

But leauing that Kate,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst,
And in wearing thou shalt haue me better and better,
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,
Shall get a boy, that shall go to Constantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard?
Ha, Kate.

Kate. Is it possible dat me fall
Loue de enemy de France?

Harry. No Kate,
It is vnpossible you should loue the enemy of France:
For Kate I loue France so well,
That Ile not leaue a village,

Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,
When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No Kate,
Why Ile tell you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speede.
Quan France & mon.

Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.

Kate. Den France fall be mine.

Harry. Et ie suyues a vous.

Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleue me Kate? Tis easier for me

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